

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

The World-Child

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.
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At times I am the mother of the world,
And mine seem all its sorrows, and its fears.
That rose, which in each mother's heart is curled—
The rose of pity—opens with my tears,
And, waking in the night, I lie and bark
To the lone sobbing, and the wild alarms,
Of my World-child, a wailing in the dark;
The child I fain would shelter in my arms.
I call to it (as from another room)
A mother calls, what time she cannot go;
"Sleep well, dear world; Love hides behind this gloom.
There is no need for wakefulness or woe,
The long, long night is almost past and gone,
The day is near." And yet the world weeps on.

Again I follow it, throughout the day.
With anxious eyes I see it trip and fall,
And hurt itself in many a foolish way;
Childlike, unheeding warning word or call,
I see it grasp, and, grasping, break the toys
It tried to own; then toss them on the floor,
And, breathless, hurry after fancied joys
That cease to please when added to its store.
I see the lacerations on its hands
Made by forbidden toys; but when it weeps
I also weep, as one who understands;
And having been a child, the memory keeps
Ah, my poor world, however wrong thy part,
Still is there pity in my mother-heart.

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"Silver Birch"
Over a Gray Transparent Foundation Silver
Butterflies Are Poised

"Roulette"
A Blue and White Circle Rims a Small Blue
Crown.

"The Great Divide"
Pink Flowers Are Scattered Over the Crown
of This Mauve Chiffon Hat

Wife Must Stand First in Husband's Heart

Easy for Average Man to Make Average Woman Happy After Marriage by Displaying a Little Tact and Showing Her Attention Which is Due Her.

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

(Copyright, 1915, Star Company.)
Unless a woman is utterly devoid of reason and good sense, it is the simplest of matters for the man she loves to make her happy after marriage.

A little tact, a little self-denial, a little patience, much consideration, many small attentions and un-falling kindness will keep the average woman as happy as her days are long.

But in spite of the simplicity of the undertaking, the world is filled with domestic failures; and the discontented and disappointed wives seem to outnumber the satisfied ones.

Most men begin married life with more real love in their hearts than most women bestow upon their husbands; yet, after a few years of domestic life it is the woman who gives, and the man who seems to fall in bestowing the proofs of affection which are so necessary to the happiness of most women.

The leading desire of a woman's heart is to feel always, and under all circumstances, that she is first in her husband's thoughts. The next desire is to feel that he likes to be with her; that he enjoys her society, and that he comes to her joyfully, and goes from her regretfully, even as in the days of courtship.

It is in these two matters that so many men fail. Most decent men give their wives dutiful attentions. They provide for their wants, and are anxious to have them entertained, but too frequently they are satisfied to provide amusement and entertainment which does not necessitate their personal participation.

A woman who had received an expensive New Year gift was, nevertheless, made unhappy by having her husband sit in an absent-minded manner through the dinner hour with friends, and to hear him ask to be excused as soon as decency allowed, and see him hurry away to watch the old year out and the new in his club.

Her unhappiness over this incident seemed unreasonable to him; yet had he given her that hour of his undivided attention and shown pleasure in having her at his side as the New Year came in, he could have finished the night with his club and left no scarring memory on the heart of the woman he had chosen from all the world to be his companion.

It only required a little self-denial and a little tact to make this one wife happy. Unless a woman is obsessed by an indemonstrable jealousy, which makes her incapable of sane reasoning and good judgment, she does not object to having her husband show other women gracious attention. She is, indeed, proud of him when other women admire him and find his society agreeable.

But in order for any woman to take this view of life, the man must be tender and tactful enough to make his wife feel always that she stands first in his heart. He must look in her eyes when she is talking to him; not past her to gaze at some other; he must see her when she enters a room, and must come to meet her; he must not forget her presence and sit or stand with his back to her while he entertains some other woman, and he must be as ready and quick to praise his wife as he is to praise others.

When a man springs quickly to the defense of another woman who is criticized in any manner, and at the same time is prone to think his own wife needs criticism, he must not be surprised if she exhibits what is commonly called jealousy.

The tactful man can and will avoid such situations by keeping his wife confident of her power to charm and please him; and whenever he goes from her presence he will make her feel that he goes regretfully.

There are men who treat their wives as good-natured boys treat their mothers

when they first develop into young manhood.

A husband of this type tries to do this duty by his wife; he looks after her comforts; he sees that she has some one to help her pass the time; he gets theater tickets for her and her friends, and then he joyfully hurries away to find his own pleasures, just as the boy hurries off to his comrades and his girl friends after being sure that he has neglected no duty toward his mother.

But while the mother is satisfied with this kind of attention the wife is not—unless she has ceased to care for her husband other than as a provider for her physical comforts, and unless she, too, has other pleasures more congenial than her husband's society affords.

A woman who possessed every earthly blessing was envied by her friends because her husband came to her directly after business hours with some plan for her entertainment, and seemed always solicitous about having her enjoy herself with other people.

Yet he found all his pleasures at the club or in entertainments apart from her. When she complained to him that she felt lonely and dissatisfied with her life, he thought her most unreasonable and unappreciative of a good husband.

Did he not do his duty better than most men of her acquaintance? He could not understand that a quiet evening at home, where he seemed to be happy and contented because he was with her, would have meant more to her than all the pleasures he provided her apart from him.

Alas, when it takes so little to make a woman happy (a loving and reasonable woman), how needlessly and it seems that so many women are unhappy!

Why Girls Shouldn't Write Love Letters

By LUCILE CANE

It is an evil spirit which prompts the writing of love letters. The thousands of girls who pace restlessly up and down by the post box, wishing for Aladdin and his magic lamp, so that the cruel official receptacle could give back to them the missive just dropped in—a thick packet of scented, sentimental emotions and indiscreet admissions after the style of "I love you, I love you," and which make the writer blush with confusion as she remembers them in the "silly silence of the night."

If only love letters could be being dispatched there would be less sighing and planning of the opening sentence, as the girl pictures a villain with a vanload of blue mauve note paper saying, "Girl, these are all yours."

The composing of love letters is a great pleasure, but one that should be denied. Talk as much as you like, but don't be persuaded in cold blood. Not only is it a dangerous amusement, but one that sounds a little foolish, for when a man's flame of ardor is cooling (as they all do) the letter is likely to be thrown aside in favor of an invitation to a smoking concert. An amused smile will play around the callous male mouth as he mutters, "By Jove, rather hard hit. I am fond of the little girl, but am not such a fool about the matter," and he absent-mindedly lights his pipe with it.

The great art in writing love letters—if you must commit your rapture to blue-black ink—is to try and time their arrival at an opportune moment. Don't send them to the office. They are likely to prove disconcerting and rather stupid beside a request for a further consignment of stationery. And, above all, don't let them reach their destination in the morning when the shaving water is cold and the devoted man is catching a mental glimpse of his train steaming out of the station as he falls down the last step.

If a man really loves a girl he can read between the lines a sensible ordinary letter and does not want a row of badly spelt adjectives to understand that he is "the luckiest man on earth."

"Silver Birch"

Over a Gray Transparent Foundation Silver Butterflies Are Poised

The Goddess

Read It Here—See It at the Movies.

INTRODUCING
EARLE WILLIAMS
as Tommy Barclay
ANITA STEWART
as The Goddess
Written by
Gouverneur Morris
(One of the Most Notable Figures in American Literature)
Dramatized into a Photo-Play by
CHARLES W. GODDARD.
Author of "Follies" and "The Exploits of Elaine"

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Synopsis of Previous Chapter.
After the tragic death of John Amesbury his greatest beauty, dies. At her death Prof. Stillier, an agent of the interests, kidnaps the beautiful 3-year-old baby girl and brings her up in a paradise, where she is suddenly thrust into the world where agents of the interests are ready to pretend to find her. The loss of the little Amesbury girl most after she had been spirited away by the interests was Tommy. In a few days, however, he found himself living amid luxurious surroundings as the adopted son of Mr. Barclay. Time in his flight brings manhood to Tommy and great expectations to Barclay, who has planned to have Tommy marry into wealth. But Tommy's lack of interest in Barclay's business affairs changes matters. Barclay meets with success in breaking up the match he had really planned. Turned down by the girl Tommy goes to the Adirondacks to forget the affair. While there he meets by accident Celestia.

THIRD EPISODE.
Meanwhile, with Tommy and Celestia all had gone well. Tommy's old camp was less dilapidated than he expected. A few balsam boughs had made the rotten roof sound above and sweet beneath. Celestia had had a long rest and then she had followed Tommy along the shores of the island, while he fished. Finally, Tommy's long casts were rewarded. He hooked a fine trout and began to draw him strongly toward the beach. In her excitement and eagerness to help, Celestia ran into the shallow water, stepped in a deep hole, and, falling forward, was for the moment completely submerged.

Laughing and scolding, Tommy pulled her out and literally ran her back to the fire. Steam was soon rising from her wet, clinging robe, but since the fire could only warm one side of her at a time, and since the chill of evening had begun to set in, she shivered, and now and then her teeth knocked together.

"Celestia," said Tommy, "you better take that dress off and let me dry it." To the young man's horror, he had hardly finished speaking before Celestia had slipped the robe from her shoulders and was on the point of letting it drop to the ground.

"Hold on, Don't," he cried. For he had seen quite enough to realize that underneath that robe there was nothing whatever—but Celestia. She looked at him, puzzled and wondering.

"Don't be in such a rush," he said, "You wait."

He went into the little hut and brought out the buffalo robe, which he had left there. It was very much the worse for wear, but huge and warm.

"Now," he said, "you take that off and put this on."

Then he turned his back and walked swiftly away.

"You sing out," he called back to her, "when you're changed." And he walked at a distance, frowning and laughing until he heard her calling to him.

"Are you angry?" she said. "What did I do?"

"Nothing," said Tommy, "but you see, on earth, young ladies don't take off their clothes when young gentlemen are looking at them. It's just the custom

and I were always happy when we were together or looking forward to being together. Then one day she went away, Celestia, she went to Heaven, they told me. And for a long time I was terribly unhappy."

"But you ought to have been happy," He shook his head.

"If I could have gone with her, perhaps."

"But in Heaven she is blissful always." "But I haven't been. When some one you love—dies—"

"There is no death."

"There are separations that seem to us humans to last a mighty long time, then," said Tommy.

"Celestia sighed.

"But I'm happy with you," said Tommy, "because I can almost imagine that you are she—grown up. I'm going to pretend that you are she. That she is the angel they've sent back to earth to make us all better." And he smiled very tenderly upon her.

"But Celestia," said Tommy, "if you insist that this world is so unhappy, tell me this. Why am I perfectly happy? I'm not good. I'm not amiable. I've never done anything noble or self-sacrificing. And yet behold me; happy as the day is long."

"And I'm happy, too," said Celestia, smiling.

"You're happy," he said, "because you feel perfectly sure that you are going to make everybody else happy. But that's not why I'm happy. I'm happy because I'd rather be right here than anywhere else; because I've had a good supper, after plenty of exercise; because the night smells of balsam, because the moon is shining, and because I've got a delightful companion."

"All these things make me happy, too," said Celestia, "but they couldn't keep me happy for long."

"No," said Tommy, somewhat charmed. "If these things are enough, why want more?"

"Why," said Celestia, "after a while I'd get thinking about people who haven't delightful companions, and for whom the moon isn't shining; I couldn't rest then until I'd gone to them and tried to make their lives easier and their hearts stronger and (here she laughed softly) their heads fuller of sense."

"It would be the opposite with me," said Tommy, "the longer we stayed here, the less I'd get thinking about other people and the more I'd get thinking about us. Every mortal man, I suppose, has his conception of heaven (he pulled luxuriously at his pipe), and this is mine."

After awhile Celestia became sleepy, and then she slipped her hand into one of Tommy's and leaned against him and laid her head on his shoulder. It was as if she had been a little child. Tommy was deeply moved and touched, and at the same time the close physical contact began to trouble him, to frighten him. He spoke and it seemed as if with his voice he was trying to lift a weight.

(To Be Continued Monday.)

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